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IF...IF I'M
THE ONLY LIVING
HUMAN IN THE SARGASSO
...THEN WHOSE HAND
IS THAT?

Everyone SAID ROGER JONES
WOULDN'T GET FAR...BUT THAT
WAS BEFORE HE DARED THE
DISTANT SECRETS OF THE DREAD
SARGASSO...IN THE INCREDIBLE
ADVENTURE CALLED

"FORGOTTEN OCEAN!"



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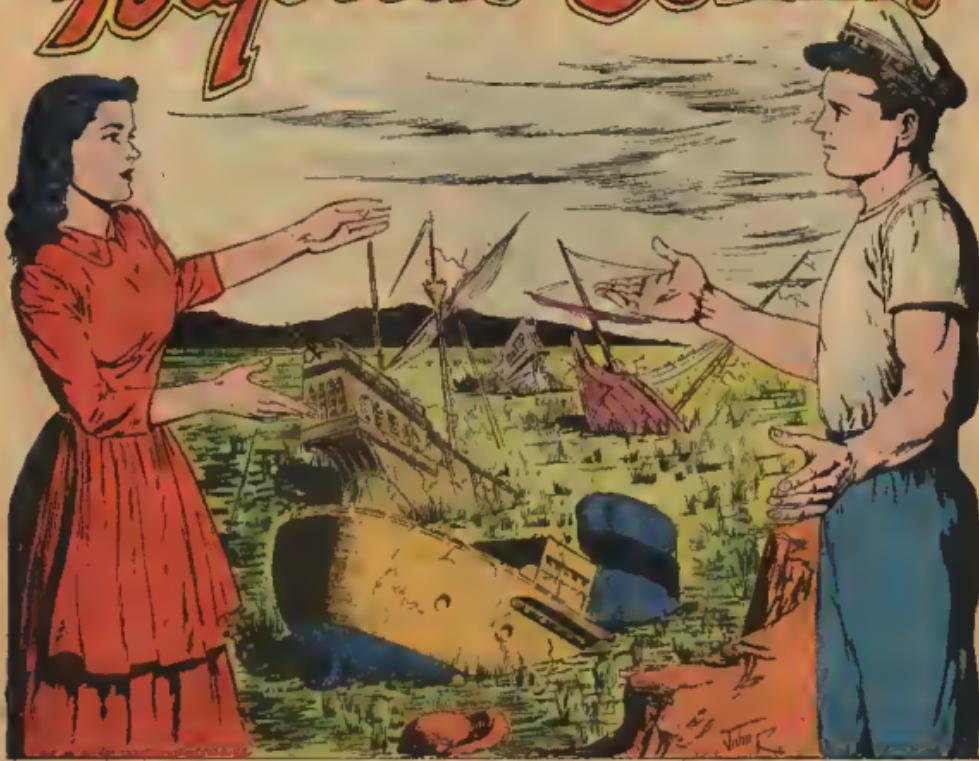
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IT'S A FAR CRY FROM A SMALL MIDWESTERN CITY, YEAR 1955, TO THE LOST AND ROTTED GALLEONS OF THE 16TH CENTURY! HOW DID ROGER JONES BRIDGE THIS INCREDIBLE GAP? READ THE AMAZING ANSWER IN A THRILL-LADEN STORY WE'LL CALL...

Forgotten OCEAN!



THIS IS THE STORY OF ROGER JONES, WHOM NOBODY TOOK VERY SERIOUSLY! MAYBE THAT WAS BECAUSE HIS FATHER, WHO OWNED THE LARGE JONES DEPARTMENT STORE, NEVER DID HAVE MUCH RESPECT FOR HIM...

BUT I NEED A BIGGER ALLOWANCE, DAD! ALL I WANT TO DO IS KEEP UP WITH THE OTHER FELLOWS...

YOU CAN'T HAVE MY MONEY TO THROW ABOUT! TROUBLE IS, YOU JUST CAN'T HANDLE YOUR FINANCES!

RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, EVERYONE IN TOWN FOLLOWED OLD MR. JONES' JUDGMENT OF HIS SON...

THERE GOES THAT JONES BOY, ON HIS WAY BACK TO SCHOOL! HIS PA TELLS EVERYBODY THE KID WOULD BE A WASTREL... IF HE GAVE HIM A CHANCE!



GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME AND HE'LL LIVE UP TO IT. THE OLD ADAGE GOES! AND ROGER GOT THE OPPORTUNITY, UPON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER!

...AND SO YOU INHERIT EVERY THING! ER... I DON'T THINK IT'S AMISS TO ADVISE YOU TO USE IT

WHAT... YOU TOO? SENSIBLY! LISTEN, I'M GOING TO SHOW THIS TOWN THAT I CAN REALLY HANDLE MONEY... I'LL TRIPLE WHAT MY FATHER LEFT, BUT FIRST...



...JUST REMEMBER HOW
LITTLE DAD ACTUALLY GAVE ME
...HE THOUGHT IT WAS GOOD
UPBRINGING TO GIVE ME FAR
LESS THAN POORER BOYS
RECEIVED! WELL, BEFORE I
SETTLE DOWN... I'M
GOING TO CATCH UP
ON EVERYTHING I'VE
MISSED!



THEN BEGAN A SPENDING SPREE
WHICH STARTLED THE TOWN...

HIS FATHER WAS **RIGHT** ABOUT
HIM! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE
HE RUNS THROUGH HIS
INHERITANCE!



HE INDULGED HIS EVERY WHIM, LITTLE
RECKING THE COST...



AND OBSERVERS WERE UNANIMOUS IN THEIR OPINIONS...

THEY SAY HE'LL
WIND UP A PAUPER
...AND SOON!

ONE WITHDRAWAL
AFTER THE OTHER
...IT'S SHOCK-
ING!

IF EVER I
THOUGHT MY
SON WOULD
BE LIKE THAT...



BUT ROGER INTENDED TO HAVE THE TIME OF HIS LIFE, NO
MATTER WHAT! EUROPE CAME NEXT... AND MONTE CARLO
CLAIMED A LARGE PART OF HIS FORTUNE...

THIS ISN'T A WASTE! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A STAR
AT MATHEMATICS... AND I'M USING IT TO DEVELOP
A SYSTEM THAT'LL WIN ME **MILLIONS**! I'M
MAKING PROGRESS... EVEN IF IT IS COSTING
ME PLENTY!



FINALLY, HE DEVELOPED HIS SYSTEM
...BUT BEFORE HE COULD TEST IT
OUT, A CABLEGRAM SUMMONED HIM
HOME...

YOUR BUSINESS IS IN A
BAD WAY, DUE TO YOUR NEGLECT,
LACKING PROPER DIRECTION.
THE STORE'S GONE FROM BAD
TO WORSE!

OH, WELL...

I SUPPOSE I'LL
HAVE TO GIVE IT
SOME ATTENTION!

IT WAS AT THE BIG STORE THAT HE
FIRST SAW CELIA MARTIN... AN
ASSISTANT BUYER...

HMM... JUDGING FROM THAT MOCK-
ING LIGHT IN HER EYE, SHE'S HEARD
THE TOWN'S STORIES ABOUT ME!
BUT SHE'S **GORGEOUS**! I... I
CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF HER!



HE DETERMINED TO PROVE TO HER
THAT THE STORIES ABOUT HIM WERE
FALSE! AND SO THEY STARTED
GOING OUT TOGETHER...

I HOPE YOU'LL
ENJOY THIS
LITTLE SPOT,
CELIA!

NOT HALF AS MUCH
AS I'LL ENJOY GET-
TING TO KNOW
GOLDEN BOY!



EVEN WHEN HE KISSED HER, THERE
WAS SOMETHING MOCKING ABOUT
HER! HE HAD TO DRIVE IT OUT,
MAKE HER ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AS
A MAN...



HE SOUGHT TO WIN HER FAVOR WITH
EXPENSIVE PRESENTS--BUT STILL
THERE WAS THAT LIGHT IN HER EYE...



THEN, ONE NIGHT...

I'M BORED WITH THE TAME PLACES
YOU TAKE ME TO, ROGER! I'D LIKE TO
GO TO THE CLUB HI-HO!



I SEE! I
MIGHT'VE
KNOWN
YOU'D BE
AFRAID!

IF THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK---
LET'S GO!



HE HAD TO SHOW HER HE WASN'T
AFRAID TO PLUNGE! HE TRIED HIS
SYSTEM AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL
...AND LOST...



HE SAW THE MOCKING LIGHT IN
CELIA'S EYES REFLECTED IN THOSE
OF DUKE SANDERSON--HE SAW THE
WAY THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER--
AND HE HAD TO KEEP ON, TO SHOW
THEM HE WAS A BIG MAN...



MAD WITH JEALOUSY, HE SAW THE REMNANTS OF HIS
FORTUNE VANISH AS THE WHEEL SPUN, SPUN...



HIS LAST CHIP VANISHED, AND MAD WITH LOSS AND RAGE,
HE ATTACKED SANDERSON--KNOWING THAT EVERYBODY HAD
BEEN RIGHT ABOUT HIM...

LET ME... GET AT HIM... WIPE
THAT EXPRESSION OFF HIS
FACE...

THROW
HIM
OUT!



BUT I'VE GOT TO GET BACK
INSIDE... GOT TO GET MY GIRL

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOUR
GIRL? WHY, SHE AND DUKE
SANDERSON HAVE BEEN
BUDDIES FOR YEARS!

NOW ROGER JONES WAS A BANKRUPT--
HE'D COME TO A WASTREL'S END...

LOOKING AT ME... WHISPER-
ING... I CAN'T STAND IT ANY
LONGER! I... I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY FROM THIS TOWN...

IN HIS NIGHTMARES, HE SAW THEIR
SNEERING FACES, AND HE HUNGERED
FOR JUST ONE THING... REVENGE!

RUINED ME... LAUGHING AT
ME... I'LL GET EVEN...

HE DREAMED OF RETURNING A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE! HOW
SHE WOULD FAWN UPON HIM... BUT HE'D REJECT HER...

HOW WRONG I WAS! YOU'RE
A BIG MAN, AN IMPORTANT
MAN... PLEASE, WON'T YOU
FORGIVE ME AND TAKE
ME BACK?

STAND AGIDE,
YOU MISERABLE
CREATURE!
CHAUFFEUR
---DRIVE
ON!

AND AS FOR SANDERSON... IT IS MY SENTENCE,
VILE WRETCH, THAT
YOU BE IMPRISONED
FOR LIFE!

PLEASE, SPARE
ME! I DIDN'T
MEAN IT...

BUT IN HIS WAKING LIFE, HE NOW KNEW
POVERTY! THERE WAS ONLY ONE
THING HE KNEW, AND THAT WAS BOATS...

THAT'S THE BELINDA... I KEEP HER
JUST AS A HOBBY! I SERVE AS MY
OWN CAPTAIN... AND I COULD USE
ANOTHER HAND...

I'D BE
HAPPY TO TAKE
THE JOB, CAPTAIN
FARRADAY!

AND SO THEY SET SAIL... INTO THE
TEETH OF DANGER!

STORM WARNINGS OUT, CAPTAIN... IT'S
GOING TO BE A TERRIFIC BLOW!
PERHAPS WE'D
BETTER TURN
BACK!

NONSENSE! THE
BELINDA CAN
WEATHER ANYTHING
ON THESE SEAS--
WE'LL RIDE IT OUT!

BUT THE STORM WAS FAR WORSE
THAN ANTICIPATED! SOON THEY WERE
FIGHTING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES...

LOWER THOSE
SAILS... BEFORE
THE MAST
GOES!

Then...suddenly...

LOOK OUT, CAPTAIN FARRADAY! THAT GIANT WAVE...



...ALL SAVE ROGER, WHO, GRAVELY INJURED, WAS SWEEPED DOWN A COMPANIONWAY...



AND WHAT OF ROGER? UNCONSCIOUS, HE KNEW NOTHING OF THE SHIP'S LONELY WANDERINGS...



THE BELINDA SHUDDERED, ITS DECK TILTING
BENEATH THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE WATER
WHICH SWEEPED THE CREW OVERBOARD...



STORMY DAYS OF GIANT GALES CONTINUED! BLOWN OUT
OF ALL-KNOWN SHIP LANES, THE BELINDA LURCHED ON
THROUGH THE WATERY WASTE---TOWARDS SOME
UNKNOWN DESTINATION...



WHAT MYSTERY OF THE TIDES DIRECTED ITS PROGRESS
INTO THAT GRAVEYARD OF LOST SHIPS---THE SARGASSO?



BUT ROGER JONES KNEW NOTHING OF THIS! ALL HE KNEW WERE TORTURED, PAIN-RIDDEN DREAMS...



BUT MINGLED WITH THESE VISIONS WERE OTHER GENTLER ONES...OF CAPABLE HANDS MINISTERING TO HIM...



HE AWOKE CLEAR AND SOUND...

HOW... HOW DID I GET INTO THIS BUNK? WHERE AM I?



ON DECK, HE LEARNED THE AMAZING ANSWER...

HOLY SMOKE! I... I'VE DRIFTED INTO THE SARGASSO SEA!



HE'D NEVER BEEN SUPERSTITIOUS...BUT NOW HE FELT A TREMOR OF FEAR...

I DREAMED OF SOMEONE LIFTING ME UP, CARING FOR ME...AND I AWOKE IN THE BUNK! BUT THERE COULDN'T BE ANYBODY HERE... NOT ANY LIVING PERSON!



IT TOOK ALL HIS COURAGE TO INVESTIGATE THE SHIPS AROUND HIM...

THIS CRAFT...IT'S CENTURIES OLD! THE WHOLE PLACE...IT'S CREEPY...A PLACE FOR GHOSTS IF SUCH THINGS EXISTED...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

SAY HEY, DAVY CROCKETT! Here's a tent to have fun in!

only \$ 1 complete

1

Sets up in an
INSTANT!

NO TOOLS NEEDED!

2 Youngsters Can
Fit Under This Tent
Easily!

USE INDOORS OR OUTDOORS!

Davy Crockett never had it so good! Here's a tent that you can set up in seconds and become the king of the wild frontier! Big enough to hold you and your best pal. Use any card table as a frame—or if you're outdoors, stick four pegs in the ground and you're all set! Sturdy, durable plastic—will last for years. Outside of tent is decorated with live, action scenes of Davy Crockett pioneer days. You can have fun indoors on rainy days with your Davy Crockett tent and when the weather's right you can pitch camp in your favorite outdoor spot. No tools or skills required—all you do is set the tent over the framework. Lift up the flap to get in and out. Think of the fun and thrills you and your pals can have living it up in Davy Crockett pioneer style! And all you need do to get one of these tents is send us \$1 plus 25¢ for postage along with the coupon at the bottom of the page. You'll get your authentic Davy Crockett tent back by return mail. And what fun you and your gang can have with it—you can play cowboys-and-Indians with it—relive the Davy at the Alamo tale! And the tent really can take it—will stand up under the most vicious attacks! Long-lasting plastic—washes clean in seconds



with a damp rag. BUT—there's only a limited supply of these great Davy Crockett tents on hand, so make SURE of getting yours—send the coupon TODAY! Sorry, but no more than 3 to a customer.

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RETURNING TO THE **BELINDA**, HE RETIRED! WAS THAT SOUND--A FOOTSTEP? WAS THAT REALLY A HAND CAREGESSING HIS BROW? FEAR SURGED THROUGH HIM-- HE DIDN'T DARE OPEN HIS EYES--

COULD IT BE... A GHOST? NO, THAT'S CRAZY! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT--ONCE AND FOR ALL...



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE!

OH-HMM!

WELL I'LL BE DURNED! IT'S A GIRL!



AND THEN THE STORY CAME OUT! SHE WAS ANNE MANNERS, OF BRITISH ANCESTRY--BORN IN THE SARGASSO--

THERE'S A SMALL GROUP OF US, DESCENDED FROM PEOPLE WHO DRIFTED INTO HERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO AND WERE IMPRISONED BY THE SEAWEED! THIS HAS BEEN OUR HOME--FOR ALWAYS--BECAUSE THERE'S NO ESCAPE!



TO THE OTHERS OF THIS STRANGE AND LONELY COLONY, ROGER WAS A SOURCE OF WONDER--THE FIRST OUTLANDER TO COME AMONG THEM IN ALMOST A CENTURY--

IT'S A FACT! TELEVISION, THEY CALL IT--PICTURES SENT THROUGH THE AIR AND RECEIVED ON A SPECIAL APPARATUS IN PEOPLE'S HOMES!

IT--IT SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE!



MY FAMILY AND I BOARDED THIS SHIP WHEN IT CAME IN--AND FOUND YOU! WE'VE BEEN NURSING YOU EVER SINCE--

THANKS, ANNE! I CAN SEE THAT I OWE A LOT TO YOU!



IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN IDYLLIC EXISTENCE FOR HIM! HE GREW TO KNOW ANNE WELL! SHE HAS SOMETHING NEW TO HIM--SIMPLE--DIRECT--

WE'RE HAPPY HERE, ALL OF US! EVERYTHING IS SHARED ALIKE, AND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS CRIME OR EVIL! I COULD NEVER LEAVE, EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE!

I CAN UNDERSTAND! I, TOO, HAVE BEEN CONTENT HERE--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE!



GRADUALLY FRIENDSHIP RIPENED INTO LOVE...



SHE SHOWED IT TO HIM! THERE IT WAS, HIDDEN IN THE持S OF TREASURE GALLEONS... AN UNTOLD FORTUNE!

BACK IN YOUR WORLD, IT WOULD BE A KING'S RANSOM! BUT HERE

YES... HERE, IT'S... NOTHING!



OF WHAT AVAIL HIS EXCITEMENT WHEN THERE WAS NO WAY TO GET THE GOLD OUT--NO WAY TO ESCAPE THE SARGASSO! SO HE RESIGNED HIMSELF TO SPENDING THE REST OF HIS LIFE HERE...

HAPPY, ROGER? WITH YOU, HOW COULD IT BE ANYTHING ELSE?



SUDDENLY THERE CAME TO HIM THE VISIONS OF THE TWO PEOPLE WHO HAD WRONGED HIM SO--AND THE OLD CRAVING FOR REVENGE FLOODED BACK!

I--I CAN GO BACK NOW... A RICH MAN! I CAN SHOW THEM, SHOW THEM...



AND NOW HE LEARNED SOMETHING STARTLING...

OH, I HOPE YOU'LL NEVER WEARY OF LIFE HERE, DARLING! I KNOW HOW DIFFERENT WE ARE--WE DON'T EVEN HAVE THE GREEDS OF CIVILIZATION! WHY, EVEN THE GOLD HERE IS NOTHING BUT A CURiosity TO US!

DID... DID YOU SAY GOLD? WHERE IS IT?



AND THEN, SOMETHING AMAZING HAPPENED! ANOTHER BOAT DRIFTED INTO THE SARGASSO! BUT THIS ONE WAS NO WRECKED HULK...

A MOTOR YAWL... AND LOADED TO THE GILLS WITH GASOLINE! SHE MUST HAVE BROKEN FROM HER MOORINGS SOMEWHERE--AND SHE'S NOT FAR ENOUGH INTO THE SEAWEED TO BE TRAPPED YET!



PAINFULLY, HE FERRIED THE ANCIENT GOLD ABOARD THE YAWL!

I'LL BE WORTH MILLIONS! LET THEM LAUGH THEH!



IT WASN'T EASY SAYING GOODBYE TO ANNE...

WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU? YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME!

I--I CAN'T, ROGER! THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY HOME--AND THERE'S A SUPERSTITION AMONG US THAT TO LEAVE BRINGS TRAGEDY! I MUST REMAIN HERE--IF ONLY TO DRAW YOU BACK!

I'LL COME BACK, DARLING--I SWEAR IT! I KNOW THE POSITION OF THE SARGASSO NOW, AND HOW TO FIND IT! YOU'RE EVERYTHING IN LIFE TO ME, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST RETURN FOR, IF I'M TO FIND PEACE!

ROGER--MY NECKLACE...



AND SO ROGER SET OUT--BOUND FOR CIVILIZATION...

GOODBYE--COME BACK, DEAR...



I'LL MAKE IT A QUICK VOYAGE--AND USE MY FORTUNE TO PUT THAT CROOK SANDERSON BEHIND BARS! THAT'LL BE THE BITTER MEDICINE THAT CELIA DESERVES, TOO! THEN--

BACK TO ANNE!



BUT EVEN THEN--A DIRE BROADCAST WINGED OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC!

WARNING TO ALL SHIPS! ANOTHER IN THE SERIES OF TERRIFIC STORMS WHICH HAS HARASSED THE ATLANTIC WILL STRIKE TONIGHT! WHEREVER POSSIBLE, SHIPS ARE ADVISED TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST PORT!



PROMPTLY ON SCHEDULE, THE BIG BLOW STRUCK...
AND ONCE AGAIN, ROGER FOUND HIMSELF ENDANGERED
BY A SEA-GOING HURRICANE...



HIS WASN'T THE ONLY CRAFT BATTLED THE
STORM! NEARBY...

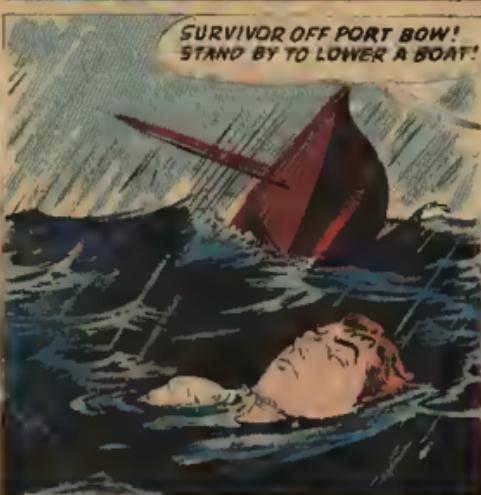


LOOK OUT! THAT BOAT
CUTTING ACROSS OUR
BOW... REVERSE
ENGINES!

IT... IT'S
TOO LATE!



SURVIVOR OFF PORT BOW!
STAND BY TO LOWER A BOAT!



LATER...

I KNEW HE WASN'T BADLY HURT!
HE'S COMING OUT OF IT NOW!



LOOK OUT, CAPTAIN FARRADAY! THAT GIANT WAVE...



AMNESIA! YES, ROGER HAD FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING AFTER THE BELINDA'S CREW HAD BEEN SWEEP OVERBOARD...

I'VE GIVEN HIM A SEDATIVE--HE SEEMS CONFUSED! SAYS HE WAS ABOARD THE BELINDA, A SCHOONER--BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN IT WAS A YAWL WE HIT!

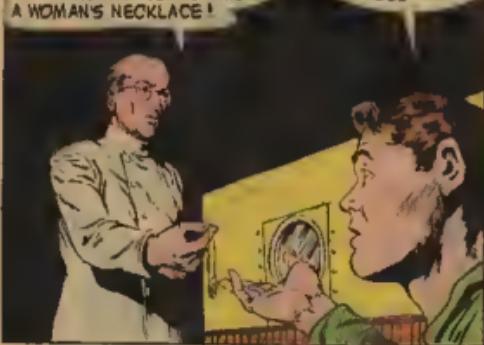
IT WAS TOO DARK TO REALLY TELL! BESIDES, HE OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF BOAT HE WAS ON!



NEXT DAY...

OH BY THE WAY, WE FOUND THIS CAUGHT IN YOUR CLOTHES! IT'S BROKEN, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN'S NECKLACE!

YOU MEAN-- I HAD IT? LET ME SEE!



I NEVER SAW IT IN MY LIFE!



AND SO ROGER JONES RETURNED TO HIS HOME TOWN! THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO SHOW EVERYBODY NEVER DID MAKE IT...

SOMETIMES I FEEL AS IF THERE'S SOMETHING-- SOMETHING I CAN'T REMEMBER-- THAT WOULD HAVE MADE EVERYTHING DIFFERENT...



WHILE FAR AWAY, IN A FORGOTTEN OCEAN, A GIRL LOOKS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, SCANNING THE HORIZON-- AND WIPES AWAY A TEAR FOR SOMEONE SHELL NEVER SEE AGAIN!



ALWAYS Faithful!

Bobbie Patterson was seven years of age when his life was saved by Chips, his dog. Chips was just a nondescript mongrel—white with a large black patch over one eye, a single black leg and the general appearance of a woolly bear. He was a mutt all the way through, but he had a heart that was filled with love for his young master, who was as handsome as Chips was ugly. Bobbie had a tousled mane of curly black hair, large, dark eyes and a mischievous look. It was this sense of mischief that caused him to forget parental instructions on one sunny day in July, and go adventuring down near the river, with Chips at his heels. He'd been warned to stay away from the river, and particularly from the broken-down old wooden foot bridge, but he wasn't old enough to know why. All he knew was that it was forbidden land, and all the sweeter for that reason. Not that he meant to be disobedient. No sir—he was going to be careful, and that, he felt, made it all right to venture into proscribed territory. And so Bobbie went down to that section of the river where the old wooden foot bridge was, and ventured out onto the bridge. Ahead lay some broken planking that he tried to jump. But when he landed, the rotting wood broke beneath him. He landed in the shallow water with a splash, and now the reason for the adult warnings became clear. *Quicksand.*

The story could have had a tragic end if it hadn't been for Chips. Instinct warned him away from the grave danger, but the fanatical love which he bore for his young master made him leap to the rescue without a moment's hesitation. It required all the strength of his powerful body to extricate the boy from the clinging sands, but finally he won through. Bobbie returned home wet and muddy, with Chips trotting proudly at his side,

and when the story was told there just wasn't anything that was too good for the brave and faithful dog. But our story doesn't end here. Time passed, as it has a way of doing, and finally Chips passed away. Bobbie grew up, left home and became a famous lawyer in the big city far away. He married, and became the father of Bobbie, Jr., who at seven years of age had a tousled mane of curly black hair, large, dark eyes and a mischievous look. As a matter of fact, he was the living image of what his father had been at a similar age. It was at about this time that his father, in a sentimental gesture, repurchased the old family home where he had spent his childhood, and had it refurnished for use as a summer home. When the family arrived there, Bobbie, Jr., was warned strictly about keeping away from the river and the old wrecked foot bridge. Like father, like son they say. The youngster tried hard to be obedient, but came a warm, sunny day in July and temptation proved too great. Down to the river he ventured, and out on the wreckage of the old bridge. It broke beneath his feet, hurling him into the waiting quicksand below.

No, this isn't going to be any story of tragedy. For the child returned home not long after, wet and muddy. His father's lips went white when he learned that the boy had fallen into the perilous moress. "You—you *couldn't!*" he breathed. "Nobody could have gotten out of there without help!"

"The dog helped me!" said the lad.
"Dog? What dog?"

"I never saw him before—but the second I fell in, there he was! He—he was white, all except for a big black patch over one eye. And oh, yes—one of his legs was black, too. He looked like a—"

"—like a woolly bear!" whispered the lad's father. "Chips!"

YOU'VE READ MANY A STRANGE STORY IN YOUR TIME — THRILLED TO ODD AND INEXPLICABLE HAPPENINGS! BUT WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH AMAZING CIRCUMSTANCES AS THE WEIRD PUZZLE WHICH CONFRONTED PFC ROGER CARTER IN THIS INTRIGUING TALE --

MYSTERY OF THE MARNE!



FRANCE... A MONTH AFTER D-DAY... AS A PARATROOP MISSION GOT UNDERWAY...

OUR MISSION WILL BE TO DESTROY THIS BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE AT DUFRESNE TO PREVENT REINFORCEMENTS FROM REACHING THE NAZI REGIMENT OUR INFANTRY PLANS TO ATTACK!

SECURITY AND SURPRISE ARE OF THE ESSENCE, OF COURSE — JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE MISSION

--AND IF WE'RE LUCKY, SOME OF US WILL EVEN COME HOME ALIVE!



ROUTINE MISSION? PFC ROGER CARTER DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE WAS HEADING INTO THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE ANY MAN COULD HAVE!

OVER DURESNE - ON THE MARNE





AT THAT MOMENT--NEARBY--

I TOLD YOU I HEARD
SOME SOUNDS! LOOK
THERE--ON THE BANK

WHY TALK?
FIRE!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
--AND THERE'S
NO COVER!

QUICK--INTO THE RIVER AND
DOWN UNDER THE BANK!
THERE ARE SOME SHALLOW
CAVES!

ZANG!
ZANG!

HOW'D YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS CAVE?
DID YOU SEE IT
WHEN YOU DIVED
IN BEFORE?

NO, I--I JUST KNEW IT WAS HERE.
THAT'S ALL! I CAN'T FIGURE HOW
IKE I SAID, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN
DUFRESNE! SH-HRR--I CAN HEAR
THE NAZIS COMING UP!

WHERE ARE THEY?
CAN YOU SEE
THEM?
NO, THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE--
THERE'S NO COVER, NO PLACE
FOR THEM TO HAVE RUN TO!

MASSIE THEY'RE UNDER THE BANK,
HIDING IN THE CAVES THE NATIVES
SAY ARE THERE! STAY HERE ON GUARD
WHILE I GO FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
WE'LL SEARCH OUT EVERY CAVE!

OHAY--HE'S GONE--THERE'S
ONLY THAT GUARD LEFT! WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE
PRONTO--AFTER WE TAKE
CARE OF MR. NAZI
UPSTAIRS

ZANG!





ANTI-AIRCRAFT WAS THE ONE THING THEY COULDN'T COUNTERTACKLE.

WE CAN'T STAND UP UNDER THAT! YOU SEEM TO KNOW SO MUCH, CARTER -- CAN YOU FIGURE HOW TO GET US OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT BARRAGE WIPES US OUT?

I--I DON'T KNOW LIKE I SAID, IT'S DIFFERENT!

WAIT! SEVERAL OF YOU KEEP FIRING TO HOLD THE NAZIS OFF FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN! THE REST--UNCOVER THAT DOOR!



THE RUBBLE WAS REMOVED -- THE ANCIENT DOOR FRIED OPEN! THERE--

IS THAT ALL? I THOUGHT THAT SOMHOW YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW US SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!

I--I THOUGHT--



HEY KIDS! LEND A HAND AND THESE ROCKS OUT THIS WAY'S OUT!



AT THE END OF THE LONG CAVELIKE TUNNEL--

WELL, I'LL BE DURNED! IT'S LET US OUT NEAR THE BRIDGE!

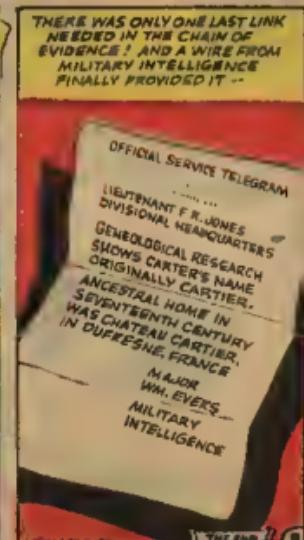
I'D LIKE TO PLANT THAT CHARGE LIEUTENANT WHILE THE REST OF YOU COVER

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF THE NAZIS CHASING US -- WE REPLACED THOSE ROCKS IN THE WALL!

CARTER, I WON'T ASK YOU ANY LONGER HOW YOU KNEW! I--I'M JUST GRATEFUL YOU DID--YOU'RE SAVING OUR HIDES.







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LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Right this way for the monthly meeting of the loyal fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown!" You've come to the right place, so relax, make yourself comfortable—and let's talk it over!

Looking over your faces, we suddenly realize, with pride and satisfaction, that there are over a million of you readers, extending from coast to coast and out over the oceans into distant countries everywhere. And, although it was almost ten years ago, it seems like only yesterday that "Adventures Into The Unknown" first came into being, with a small readership destined to swell to giant proportions. There've been many changes since that distant beginning. For instance, let's take art. We were proud of the drawings that went into our first issues, but now we realize that we've come a long way. We've gotten to know what our readers want in the way of illustration, and have built up a corps of artists that can bring a story to life through thrilling, colorful dramatizations. But it's in the field of story itself that the greatest changes have been wrought.

We're going to take you behind scenes for a moment, and try to show you just how a story is framed for "Adventures Into The Unknown." First, we work mostly through free lance writers—men who aren't bogged down by the cares and responsibilities of editing, and can concentrate on turning out good stories. Needless to state, we concentrate on the best producers only—able, imaginative and experienced writers who have a reputation in the field. They've learned that this magazine welcomes originality—that we'll never refuse a story out of any reluctance to pioneer. Sometimes, it's only the germ of an idea which is brought to us. If we feel it has value, it's discussed from every angle, and carefully developed until it's in usable shape. But the first formal step in story presentation is a synopsis—a short outline of the plot. Frequently, this is rejected outright, with such comments as, "This is stale stuff. Not for 'Adventures Into The Unknown'." Or, "Not enough suspense or excitement. Sorry!" Sometimes, a conditional acceptance is forthcoming, such as, "If you can inject more mystery in the atmosphere and strengthen the character of your hero, this might go. Let's see it again." Then there are the rare and happy cases where

we can report something like this: "A really original twist here—this yarn even excited the editors! Approved!"

When a synopsis is approved, a shooting script is next prepared—a scenario containing directions to the artist, dialogue, etc. But needless to state, it's the synopsis which first indicates the value of the story. All in all, it's a painstaking business—but one which produces its reward in the feeling of elation that accompanies an all-star issue. Such a one as this, we like to feel. We've given this current issue the full treatment, and have come up with some really off-beat stories which we're sure you'll like. "Forgotten Ocean!" to name one. And "Mystery of the Marne!" a pulsing, suspenseful tale with a strange motif. Then, there's "Miracle of the Ice!" which is guaranteed to keep you intrigued throughout. If you like stories of these types, we'd like to know it. And if you've got any criticism, we'd like to know that, too. Won't you write and tell us? Address your letters to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. If we have space, we'll be glad to print your opinions. For an example of what we've been getting, read on!

—Dear Editor:—

Please send me information on how I can subscribe to "Adventures Into The Unknown," my favorite comic. I'm tired of getting down to my newsstand and finding it sold out. But I can understand why that's the case—it's those great stories of yours! They don't come any better—keep up the good work!

—J. Mobik, Whitfield, N. H.

—Dear Editor:—

I've never been a comic book reader before, but recently, I happened to pick up a copy of "Adventures Into The Unknown." I'm a convert now! You kept me interested and fascinated from beginning to end. My congratulations on your strange, exciting stories—especially "The Many Lives of Mark Martin," which was by far the best thing of its kind I've ever read!

—Florence R. Grant, Denver, Colo.

MIKE CONLAN HAS HARD AND DETERMINED -- WHEN HIS MIND WAS MADE UP, NOTHING STOOD IN HIS WAY. AS A WORLD-FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER, HE DASHED HEADLONG INTO PLACES WHERE OTHERS FEARED TO TREAD -- STEAMING JUNGLES, BURNING DESERTS, DIZZIYING MOUNTAIN PEAKS! BUT NOW HE WAS HEADED FOR THE BARREN WASTES OF THE NORTH, AND A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE...

MIRACLE of the ICE!



AT THE LAST TRADING OUTPOST IN ALASKA...

IT'S CRAZY TO GO ON, WITH JOE LAID UP WITH APPENDICITIS IN NOME! WE'RE TOO SHORT-HANDED!

STOP WORRYING! WE'LL DO ALL RIGHT!



MIKE CONLAN AND DICK HUNTER, AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHERS, INTENDED TO MAKE A DOCUMENTARY FILM OF ESKIMO LIFE...

GOIN' TO EXPLORE THE NORTH COUNTRY, EH? MAYBE YOU'LL BRING BACK SOME PICTURES OF THE LOST CITY!

HA-HA!

LOST CITY? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



OH, IT'S JUST A LEGEND YOU KEEP HEARING UP HERE! SOME FOLKS BELIEVE THERE'S A HIDDEN CITY UP SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS! FUNNY THING IS, LOTS OF GUYS HAVE TRIED INVESTIGATIN'... AND NOT ONE HAS RETURNED!

YOU DON'T SAY? SOUNDS MIGHTY INTERESTING!

NEXT DAY, WITH THEIR HEAVY CAMERA EQUIPMENT PACKED ON DOG SLEDS, AND USING THE SERVICES OF AN ESKIMO GUIDE, THE EXPEDITION GOT UNDER WAY...

MUSH!

IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, MIKE RAN OFF THOUSANDS OF FEET OF FILM...

THE FOLKS AT HOME WILL SURE ENJOY THESE SHOTS!



IT TOOK INFINITE PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE, BUT SLOWLY A ROUNDED PICTURE OF ESKIMO LIFE TOOK SHAPE, THE KAYAK ACCIDENTS, THE HUTS, THE MENACE OF WILD BEASTS, THE CONSTANT FIGHT TO LIVE...



EVER NORTHWARD THEY TRAVELED, TILL THEIR TASK WAS ALMOST COMPLETED! BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN, MIKE HEARD THE STRANGE AND FASCINATING RUMOR...

KNOW OF ANY ESKIMO FAMILIES FURTHER NORTH, FRIEND?

NO, WE ARE THE LAST! BEYOND HERE IS PERIL--THEY LIVE FURTHER ON!



BUT MIKE COULD NEVER LEARN ANYTHING SPECIFIC, AND HIS CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLAS, WANT TO INVESTIGATE? JUST IMAGINE IF IT WERE TRUE--THINK OF THE PICTURES WE COULD TAKE!

NOTHING DOING, MIKE... WE'VE GOT THE PICTURES WE CAME FOR! LET'S GO BACK!



BUT PLENTY OF FILM REMAINED, AND DIFFICULTIES ONLY WHETTED MIKE'S PASSION TO SUCCEED...

WHAT ABOUT IT, KANOOK? I'LL PAY YOU PLENTY TO GUIDE ME FURTHER ON!

NEVER! NO MAN RETURNS FROM BEYOND HERE!



ONLY A WILDLY RECKLESS MAN
WOULD HAVE VENTURED FURTHER...

OKAY, I'LL DO IT
ALONE! SEE
YOU BACK IN
NEW YORK,
DICK!

YOU'RE NUTS,
MIKE... BUT
GOOD
LUCK!

AND SO HE WENT INTO THE EMPTY
WASTES ALONE, BRAVING UNTOLD
DIFFICULTIES...

THIS BLIZZARD'S GETTING
WORSE! CAN'T SEE THREE
FEET AHEAD!

NORTH, EVER NORTHWARD TOWARD A
DESTINATION WHICH WAS ONLY A RUMOR.
HE MET BLIZZARDS CONSTANTLY, AND ICE
CREVICES, BUT WORSE OF ALL WAS WHEN
THE SKY WAS CLEAR AND THE SUN GLARED
BLINDLY OFF THE ICE...

I... MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO
TRY THIS! I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE I AM!

HIS COMPASS NEEDLE WAS USELESS SO
CLOSE TO THE NORTH POLE! THE SUN
DIZZIED HIM, HIS STRENGTH WANED
RAPIDLY, AND THE ICE BEGAN TO
DANCE BEFORE HIS EYES! HE WAS
STAGGERING BLINDLY WHEN...

WE'RE... SLIDING
OVER A CLIFF!
HELP!

WHEN HE REVIVED...

MY LEG... IT'S BADLY
HURT! WHAT AM I
GONNA DO... WHAT
AM I GONNA
DO?

UNABLE TO MOVE, MIKE TURNED THE
DOGS LOOSE! HE WAS FAINTING WITH
FATIGUE...

I... SHOULDN'T GO TO
SLEEP... NOT IN THE SNOW!
BUT... IT DOESN'T
MATTER! I'M A
GONER ANYHOW!

MIKE NEVER EXPECTED TO WAKEN FROM THE SLEEP HE
NEEDED SO BADLY! BUT IT SEEMED THAT HE HAD BARELY
DOZED OFF WHEN...

HUH? WHO'S
SHAKING ME?

DO NOT SLEEP IN THE SNOW,
FOOL... IT WOULD MEAN YOUR
DEATH! COME WITH US!

WH-WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

FEAR NOT, WE ARE
FRIENDS! WE ARE TAKING
ALONG YOUR EQUIPMENT...
OUR CHIEF WILL BE MUCH
INTERESTED WHEN WE
REACH OUR CITY!



CITY F.
WH-WHAT
CITY?

YOU WILL SEE! LUCKY
FOR YOU WE CAME
ALONG! WE WERE ON
A ROUTINE HUNTING
EXPEDITION, BUT NEVER
EXPECTED TO FIND
HUMAN GAME!

DAZED AS HE WAS, MIKE FELT EVERY-
THING TO BE A WEIRD HALLUCINATION
...FOR HE HAD HEARD MUCH OF THE
STRANGE DELUSIONS OF DYING MEN!
SOON AFTERWARD...

HE STARED FASCINATED AS THE
INCREDIBLE STRUCTURE DREW CLOSE...

WHAT HAVE
YOU THERE,
COLDKAK?

WE FOUND HIM
LYING IN THE SNOW!
LET US PASS... HE
NEEDS A DOCTOR!



WITHIN THE CITY AN EVEN GREATER SURPRISE AWAITED... FOR
THIS WAS NO PRIMITIVE CULTURE, BUT A GREATLY
ADVANCED CIVILIZATION! CURIOUS CITIZENS
GATHERED FOR A LOOK AT THE STRANGE NEWCOMER...

WE HAVE NOT SEEN
A STRANGER HERE
IN YEARS!

INFORM THE CHIEF
OF OUR ARRIVAL! HE
WILL WISH TO
QUESTION
HIM!

MIKE'S LEG HAD BEEN BADLY SPRAINED, AND AFTER A
PHYSICIAN HAD TENDED HIM HE WAS TAKEN TO THE THRONE
ROOM OF THE CHIEF...

DO YOU NOT BELIEVE YOUR
OWN EYES? YOU ARE
INDEED FORTUNATE TO
BE ALIVE... HOW CAME
YOU HERE?



WHEN THE STORY WAS TOLD...

YOU ARE WELCOME... YOU WILL FIND US FRIENDS!
BUT TAKE NO PICTURES IN THIS CITY... FOR THE
DOMAIN IS SACRED TO OUR GOD! WHEN YOU ARE
WELL, I WILL PERSONALLY SHOW YOU ABOUT! NOW
GO, EAT, AND REST!



WHEN HE WAS ABLE TO WALK EASILY AGAIN...

MIND EXPLAINING
HOW ALL THIS EVER
HAPPENED?

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO,
THIS TERRITORY WAS NOT YET
A FROZEN WASTE! BUT THEN
GREAT GLACIERS CAME, AND OUR
ANCESTORS WERE FACED WITH
EITHER DEATH OR MIGRATION!
FORTUNATELY, THEY HAD LONG
BEFORE LEARNED TO
CAPTURE THE
HEAT OF THE
SUN...



YES, THEY HAD LEARNED THE PRINCIPAL OF **SOLAR ENERGY**! SO WHEN THE ICE CAME, THEY CAUSED A GREAT GLASS DOME TO BE BUILT AND REFLECTORS SUCH AS THOSE BEGAN TO CATCH THE SUN'S RAYS AND TURN THEM INTO ENERGY FOR OUR MACHINES...

YOU MEAN THIS CITY'S BEEN HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS?

YES! OUR SCIENCE HAS MADE LIFE COMFORTABLE-- AND WE HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE IN PEACE AND HAPPINESS!

THERE WERE OTHER DOMES, BEHIND WHICH AGRICULTURE FLOURISHED--

COWS, FIELDS OF CORN...UP HERE! IT'S FANTASTIC!

IT IS MERELY A MATTER OF WARMTH AND THE SUN HAS PLENTY!



THE CITY MUSEUM HARBORED MANY STRANGE SIGHTS--CREATURES THAT HAD ONCE WALKED THE EARTH AND WHICH COULD BE SEEN NOWHERE ELSE...

BUT WHY AREN'T YOU IN CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD?

WE LIKE NOT THE WAYS OF CIVILIZATION--WE PREFER OUR OWN! OTHER MEN HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO US FROM OUTSIDE--AND NONE HAS EVER LEFT, BECAUSE THEY WERE HAPPY HERE!



MIKE KNEW THAT IT WAS FORBIDDEN TO PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING WITHIN THE CITY--BUT HE DEFIED THE RULE! STEALTHILY, HE SET UP CAMERA EQUIPMENT ON THE ROOFTOPS...

WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE THESE FILMS'LL BE WORTH MILLIONS! HUHMM, THAT STATUE DOWN THERE--IT'S THEIR IDOL! STRANGE HOW IT GLOWS...



HE USED GREAT INGENUITY TO PREVENT HIMSELF FROM BEING DISCOVERED, BUT THE EYES OF COLDWAK WERE SHARP...

SO HE HAS BROKEN OUR LAWS--AND DARED PHOTOGRAPH OUR SACRED IDOL! THE PENALTY SHOULD BE DEATH--BUT I WILL BE MERCIFUL!

THE AMERICAN HAS EVERYTHING HE WISHES, AND STILL HE WANTS TO LEAVE THIS PLACE! HE IS A FOOL!



HE IS AMBITIOUS, BUT WE WILL FOIL HIM! GO UNOBSERVED TO WHERE HE HIDES HIS FILM--AND PLACE THIS IMAGE THERE!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND OH CHIEF--BUT IF IT BE YOUR DESIRE...



AND SO, FAITHFUL TO HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

THIS IMAGE... A MINIATURE OF OUR DEITY! WHY DOES OUR CHIEF REWARD HIM THUS?...

THOUGH THEY TRIED IN EVERY WAY TO CONVINCE MIKE TO STAY, HE REFUSED: HE HAD TAKEN PICTURES WHICH WOULD STUN THE WORLD, AND HE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO RETURN TO CIVILIZATION...

BUT WHY DID YOU RELEASE HIM WITHOUT PUNISHMENT?

HE HAS PREPARED HIS OWN PUNISHMENT, COLCHAK... IF HE GETS THROUGH!

MUSH!

THE TRIP IS HARD AND DANGEROUS! ARE YOU SURE YOU WISH TO GO?

POSITIVE! I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP... IT'S MIGHTY GOOD OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DOG TEAM!



BUT MIKE WAS MADE OF STERN STUFF, AND THE LARGE CONTAINER HOLDING HIS ROLLS OF FILM SPURRED HIM ON...

GOT TO GET THROUGH... GOT TO...



OBSTACLE PILED ON OBSTACLE, AND NOW, CAUGHT IN A RAGING BLIZZARD, HE BEGAN TO WANDER IN A GREAT CIRCLE, HIS STRENGTH GOING FAST...

NOTHING BUT BLIZZARDS... OR BLINDING GLARE!



ESKIMOS HEARD THE BARKING OF HIS DOGS! WHEN THEY REACHED HIM, HE WAS INCOHERENT...

CITY... GLASS... GOT TO GET PICTURES...

WE MUST TAKE HIM TO THE TRADING POST... HE IS SICK!



BACK IN NEW YORK, MIKE'S OLD FRIENDS NOTED HIS ERRATIC, NERVOUS BEHAVIOR! BUT THEY WERE SYMPATHETIC, KNOWING THAT HE HAD BEEN THROUGH AN ORDEAL...

YOU NEED A REST, MIKE! ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT THAT LOST CITY, AND A GLOWING GOD... YOU IMAGINED IT ALL!

I CAN PROVE IT! COME TO MY HOME TONIGHT, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PICTURES I TOOK!



BEFORE HIS FRIENDS ARRIVED MIKE LOOKED AT THE PICTURES ALONE...

BEAUTIFUL... BEAUTIFUL! JUST WAIT'LL THEY SEE THE GLASS DOMES AND THE WHEAT FIELDS--THE STRANGE IDOL



LATER...

OKAY MIKE, IF
YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
TO SHOW
U...

DO IT!
PICK YOU'LL
NEVER FORGIVE
YOURSELF FOR NOT
HAVING COME
ALONG

WELL, THERE YOU
ARE! JUST LOOK
AT THOSE DOMES!
ISN'T IT
TERRIFIC?

GREAT SCOTT!
HE'S OUT OF
HIS MIND!
THERE'S
NOTHING
ON THE
SCREEN!

PANDEMOMIUM BROKE LOOSE...

FOOLS! DIDN'T YOU
SEE IT? THE GLOWING
IDOL--THE GLASS
CITY...

GET AN
AMBULANCE
HE MAY GET
VIOLENT!



NO, WAIT---MAYBE HE DID TAKE THE PICTURES HE
DESCRIBED, AND MAYBE THE IMPRESSION WAS SO
VIVID THAT HE STILL SEES THEM---EVEN
THOUGH THE FILM WAS SOMEHOW OVER-
EXPOSED!

SO WHAT? IT STILL
MEANS HE'S SEEING
THINGS!

WHEN THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED...

NO! NO! I'M NOT CRAZY!
YOU'RE ALL JEALOUS!
THE FILM IS PERFECT!

HERE, BUDDY---
BETTER TAKE
THIS! IT'LL QUIET
YOUR NERVES!



The SEDATIVE WORKED SWIFTLY...

I DID SEE IT...
I TELL YOU... I
DID... REAL...

POOR GUY... HIS SANITY
IS AFFECTED!

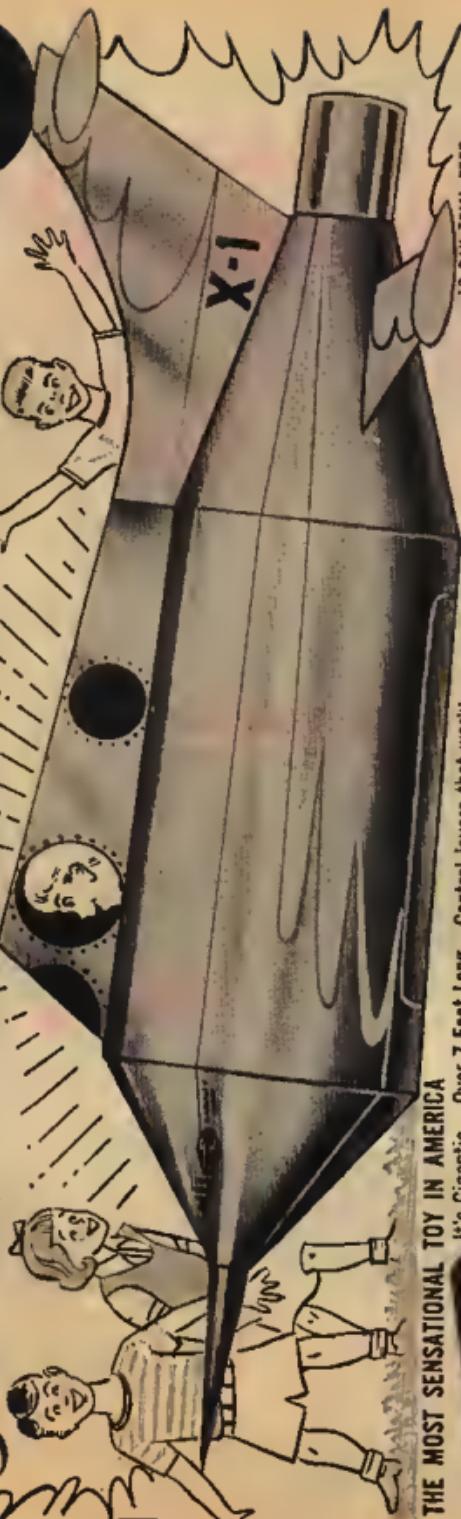
OH YEAH?
BETTER HAVE
A LOOK AT
THIS!

IT'S JUST WHAT MIKE DESCRIBED---A WEIRD,
GLOWING IMAGE! I JUST FOUND IT IN THE BOTTOM
OF THE CAN! IT WOULD RUIN ANY FILM...
BECAUSE IT'S MADE OF
SOME RADIOACTIVE
SUBSTANCE WE'VE
NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



THE END!

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